

THE BAPTIST RECORD.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1886.

VOL. 9, NO. 50.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Schedule taking effect Nov. 27, 1885.

SOUTH BOUND.

No. 2-Express-arrives 5:20 p. m.

No. 4-Mail-arrives 12:45 a. m.

SOUTH BOUND.

No. 1-Express-arrives 2:53 p. m.

No. 3-Mail-arrives 1:45 a. m.

YAZOO BRANCH.

No. 12-North-leaves 7:00 a. m.

No. 11-South-arrives 7:45 p. m.

YAZOO BRANCH.

No. 1-Express-arrives 2:53 p. m.

No. 3-Mail-arrives 1:45 a. m.

MOBILE AND OHIO R.

North bound trains leave Meridian at 4:45 and 7:00 a. m.

South bound trains arrive at 8:00 a. m. and 11:00 p. m.

NATCHEZ, JACKSON & COLUMBUS R. R.

From Dec. 3, 1885.

STANDARD-Leave Jackson daily at 9:00 a. m.

WESTWARD-Leave Jackson daily at 7:00 a. m.

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attended were substitutes for the sermon, which the preacher was kindly and thoughtfully asked to reserve for a fuller house. There is something after a stormy bad night that makes the church and prayer meeting cheerier. The temporary sacrifice of comfort, the contrast between the storm and the fireside, the cherry faces and warm hearts, always cheerier under such circumstances, make a meeting, religious or social, pleasanter on a stormy night than on any other—Interior.

Our rule, whether a good one or not, has been to preach what we have prepared, let the weather be what it may. This we can say: some of the happiest seasons we have ever enjoyed have been when there were very few persons present. We have supposed the reasons of it to be: 1st. That people who come out in very bad weather are in earnest. 2nd. That the good Lord rewards special effort with special blessing.

DIARY OF A RUMSELLER.—Monday.—Took Ragged Bill's last dime for whisky. Tuesday.—Had a visit from Charlie Piper, who swore off three months ago and signed the pledge; gave him a drink on tick. Wednesday.—That poor fool Dick Plaster, who gets wild and nervous after one drink, came in to day; sold him one quart.

P. S. Hear he killed his wife in a drunken rage. Thursday.—Johnny Slogan's wife begged me never to sell another drop to him. She cried till I promised to drink on tick.

Friday.—Phil Carter had no money; took his wife's wedding ring and silk dress for an old bill; sent him home gloriously drunk.

Saturday.—Young Sam Chap took his third drink to day. I know he likes it and will speedily make a drunkard, but I gave him the value of his money. His father implored me to help break up the practice before it became a habit, but I told him if I didn't sell to him some one else would.

Sunday.—Pretended to keep the Sunday law to day, but opened my back door. Sold beer and wine to some boys, but they'll be ashamed to tell of it. Bet my till is fuller to night than the church-baskets are.

N. B. My business must be respectable, for real gentlemen patronize my bar. And yet I guess I won't keep a diary, for these facts look very queer on paper.—St. Louis Presbyterian.

AMUSEMENTS.—The following rules, in regard to engaging in social and public amusements, was adopted by Mrs. Marsh, the biographer of Hedley Vickers. They may help others in solving questions of personal duty.

"As I belong to the Lord Jesus by creation, by redemption, by his choice, and by my choice, I will not go to any entertainment where I could not ask for his presence to go with me; where I could not as opportunity might occur, give a message from him to anyone who should converse with me; where, if he were still on earth, I could not have expected to meet him; and where, if he should return suddenly, I would rather that he should not find me."—Index.

It is a blessed thing to remember that there is One who is "the same yesterday, and to day, and forever." Heb. 13: 8. Who is this unchangeable One? Jesus Christ! What was he when he was on earth? The mildest, the gentlest, the loveliest, the meekest, the most patient, the most forgiving, the most merciful that human minds can conceive. What is he now? The same! The same! The same! But now all power is his, and wisdom infinite, and glory eternal. Amazing to relate, he invites us to union with him! Still more amazing, if possible, of those who accept! Every moment brings its changes. Let every change remind us of him with whom there is no change, "no variableness, neither shadow of turning." James 1: 17. See also Mal. 3: 6.—Christian Index.

It is a very profound thought, and at the same time a very happy one, that while our years are coming and going, the end following so closely upon the beginning, God never changes. His year knows no end. Diversity and fluctuations are so constantly before us, and we so feel their influence, that it is hard for us to conceive of the Unchanging One, who keeps all unfailingly under his control.—United Presbyterian.

"Please Vote for My Pa."

"Good morning, my little man; and who will you vote for to day?" So said a neighbor to little Jimmie Lambert, a brave, five year old. It was village election day, and the neighbor was on his way to the polls. Jimmie straightened himself up, and was puzzled, but for a moment, a bright thought struck him. "I-I'm going to vote for my pa," he said, as if there could be no doubt about the propriety of that.

"I guess you are not big enough," replied the man laughing, "out you might try."

Jimmie's old plays suddenly grew stale. There was a new thing that men were doing, and he wanted to do the same; for all play is but an imitation of real life; whether it be the play of a child, or the play of a man.

This matter when she spied the two children just turning into the street. "Jimmie!" she cried, "James Henry! Do you hear me? Come into the house!"

James Henry obeyed, though reluctantly. "I'm going to vote for pa," he said by way of apology.

"I wish you would vote for him," retorted Mrs. Lambert, as she went into the pantry, after some flour, "that he would not have any saloon to go to."

This was taken at once by Jimmie, as his mother's permission to do the voting forthwith, and slipping out of the door he was soon on his way to the town hall, carefully leading Mamie by the hand.

The usual question of license or no license was before the people, and as the contest was expected to be very close, the excitement ran high. Each side had computed its forces, and was seeing their last man brought in. The large room was full of men looking on, passing tickets, keeping tally of the voters, or discussing the situation in loud tones.

Jimmie, still holding Mamie's hand, timidly twitched a man's coat, and looked up in his face.

"I want to vote for pa," he said. "You are too small, my little man, to."

"Who is it?" cried a second. "Sam Lambert's children," responded some one.

"Lobbying for a new candidate!" "Give him a vote!" "Give the boy a chance!"

So ran the exclamations around the room.

"Give us a speech," said a brawny gunsmith. "What office does your son want?" And so saying, he stepped to the children side by side upon the table.

All were hushed for a moment in expectation of something to be said. Some who had their ballots in their hands, were waiting to see what the children would say.

"Poor little things!" said one in a sympathizing whisper, as if to suggest that the play had gone far enough. Jimmie's lips trembled, but he managed to say:

"I want to vote for my pa." "Jimmie's don't vote for our pa," repeated Mamie, in a prompt, clear voice, "so we won't do so!"

The merriment was over. An almost painful awe crept over that assembly of men, as if the voice of helpless childhood they had heard the voice of God.

"Won't none of yez help these babies?" cried an Irishman. "Shure and I've a mind to help 'em myself."

"Give them some tickets!" shouted a voice. It was a happy thought, and no sooner said than done.

"I'll count for yez, me little man," continued the Irishman, and he took a ballot from Jimmie's hand, folded and voted it. Then what a wild hurrah went up from the crowd! An officer rapped for order.

"The boy has voted; now, who'll vote for the little girl?" cried the gunsmith.

"That's me!" "I'm another!" "I'm your man, little one!" And three hands were outstretched for ballots, drawing them from Mamie's closed fist.

Another cheer went up! "You must remove the children, gentlemen, and stand back a little," commanded one of the judges, rising. As they were being lifted down, another cheer arose, with cries of "Good!" "That's all!" and all eyes were turned to the corner band teacher's blackboard, on which a local artist was sketching, in outline the two children, with an inscription over and under like this:

VOTERS, ATTENTION!
"PLEASE VOTE FOR OUR PA, SO'E WON'T GO T' S'LOONS!"

In vain did the other side try to dampen the enthusiasm. The children triumphed, and the prohibition Board was elected by thirty-one majority. And so Jimmie did vote for his pa and won.—Church Banner.

REVIVAL MEETINGS.

The English missionaries, who labored here in the Episcopal churches for most of the present month have closed their work and left for home. Their company consisted of two men and two women. One preached to adults; one to children; and the two women held meeting for women only. They aim to reach all classes. The leading missionary, Eld. Aitken, I heard a number of times. He begins with a liturgical service: brief and appropriate. Then came an earnest and generally quite effective sermon, seeking to bring his hearers to an immediate decision for Christ. After

the sermon he held an "after-meeting" in which he gave a brief address on how to be saved, and then passed around talking and praying with serious persons. The meetings were new to Churchmen and not universally approved by them.

Mr. Aitken insisted always on the necessity of the new birth; and a golly life. He told his hearers the Lord's Supper was a feast for the living, not for the dead. That they must come to Christ for life before Communion. Many Christian have been helped to a fuller consecration, and more earnest service.

Then, the Episcopalians have been converted to the methods of Methodist and Baptist protracted meetings.

In his farewell address Mr. Aitken spoke in the most kind and commendable terms of Messrs. Moody and Shirk, and urged his brethren to follow them. He said God had blessed Moody beyond any man of his time.

Moody and Sankey meetings were here, commencing on the 9th of January. Careful arguments are being made for the coming of the evangelists, and hope are entertained of a true revival. The Washington Alley Hall on St. Charles street has been secured for ten days. Admission is by ticket, but free. Mr. Moody stipulates that tickets be sold only to those who visit the meetings from the surrounding country. Many Roman Catholics attend preaching in a Hall who do not go into a Church not of their own faith.

Great things have been done by revivals. May the Spirit displace his mighty power on our city at this time! Let all the people pray: O Lord revive thy work!

ITEMS
1 The Exposition is filling up, and is very attractive. I learn that the Illinois Central has determined to place the fare at one cent a mile to fill the city with visitors.

2 Those who come this season will find the cheapest and most comfortable arrangements for board and lodging which have ever existed in this city. By writing before hand you may save yourselves trouble and extra expense on arrival.

3 Tramps have become a feature of our civilization. Like Gypsies, they have their own language, signs, and methods of living. They beg, and also steal. They are here in numbers and still come, fleeing from the cold North and West. There is a great deal of good work in them if they could be made to till the soil.

4 The dangerous classes of our city are generally illiterate. The future is not encouraging when we remember that there are ten thousand children in New Orleans without any school education whatever. Their education is that of the streets and dark dens of vice. From them come the future hoodlums, and low criminals. O how sad the lot of the neglected, ignorant thousands of children!

May the coming meeting of Mt. Lebanon be a great blessing to the ministers, missionaries, and churches of Louisiana.

We have received eight members in the Coliseum during the month.

Sylvanus Landrum.

Jan 29

OSYKA.

You will rejoice to know that the city has been with his people as in place. We had a meeting of the Osyka Baptist church, which was our regular time for service.

During the meeting five united with the church by experience. Bro. Shirk did all the preaching except one sermon by Dr. J. J. Goss, which was well appreciated by the congregation.

Four of those who united with the church, were our regular Sunday-School scholars. We have all been made to rejoice. We have had a regular old Nehemiah Revival.

But our rejoicing is mingled with sadness. We learn to-day that our Beloved Brother Pharoah Thompson, of Knoxville, Miss., met with a sad, and probably fatal accident last Thursday. He was caught between two cars while in motion. Brother Thompson was once a member of our church, and he endeared himself to us. All we can say is, we love him. He is a good man. It has not been our privilege to know many such men as Brother Thompson. May the good Lord bless and comfort him in his affliction.

The church has paid Brother Shirk \$175.00, the contract between him and the church for 1885. So we start on the new year without any old debts hanging over us, and with some money in the treasury.

On the fourth Sunday in December last, the Sunday-school went into election for superintendent. Brother John Varnado was chosen superintendent. Our Sunday-school has increased in interest and numbers since our reorganization. Brother John has the confidence of the church and Sunday-school, hence the interest manifested in the Sunday-school. Taking everything into consideration our prospects were never brighter.

The church will hereafter have prayer-meetings every Sunday night when there is no church to interfere, which will make two prayer-meetings a week. We hope to do more for the Lord this year than we did last.

Yours in Christ,

E. W. CUTLER

January 31

THE BAPTIST CONFERENCE.

Inclined to bro. Whitfield's plan. There is, no doubt, but that the responsibility in the matter of developing the churches upon the pastors—we have live issues to deal with, and as one of the unsuccessful pastors I am anxious to meet in conference our successful ones and learn from them. Let Gray and Whitfield, two Record men and Sproles come.

R. N. HALL.

OSYKA, MISS.

It was my privilege yesterday to baptize three happy converts into the fellowship of Osyka Baptist church. Others await the ordinance. Our church is in a prosperous state, decidedly looking up.

M. S. SHIRK.

DROWNING MOTHER.

One evening a missionary and his wife were walking by a river side, when they saw two respectable natives carrying a woman in their arms. They inquired what they were going to do with her, and were answered, without the slightest sign of feeling, "We are going to put her into the water, for she soul may go to heaven, for she is our mother."

"Is she ill, then?" asked the missionary's wife. "She is not very ill," they said; "but she is old and has no teeth; and what is the use of her living? Will you not have compassion on your mother?" said the lady. But they would not heed what she said. They threw their poor old mother into the dark muddy stream.

The Bible is needed to elevate the heathen and give them correct views of life. And it takes money to send them the Gospel.

"LOVE."

A boy went to Sunday-School quite a long way off—in fact, on the opposite side of the town, and he had to pass several other schools in going to his. "They love a fellow over yonder!" was his response, when asked why he went so far to Sunday School.

Yes, love draws and love retains. Let teachers and officers love their scholars and show it, if they wish to retain them in the school, and make them love the school and love to attend it.

As the article on "The duty of superintendents" says, "Love should be the moving spirit in the Sunday-School.—Kind Words.

"Oh," you say, "here is a man who asked God for a blessing upon a certain enterprise, and he lost five thousand dollars in it. Explain that." I will. Yonder is a factory, and one wheel is going south, and the other wheel is going north; and one wheel plays laterally, and the other plays vertically. I go to the manufacturer, and I say: "O my manufacturer, your machinery is a contradiction. Why do you not make all the wheels go the same way?" "Well," he says, "I made them go in opposite directions on purpose, and they produce the right result. You go down stairs, and examine the carpets we are running out in this establishment, and you will see." I go down on the other floor, and I see the carpets, and I am obliged to confess that, though the wheels in that factory go in opposite directions, they turn out beautiful result. And while I am standing there, looking at the exquisite fabric, and old Scripture passage comes into my mind: "All things work together for good to them who love God."

BEGIN NOW.—Some little boys and girls are always talking about what they will do when they are "grown up." It is better not to think so far ahead. God wants you to do some thing for him now, before you grow up. And the best way to begin is by being kind and obedient at home.

CHEAP

Fall and Winter Goods

—AT—

W. A. WHITING'S

10 Empty Boats!—No Drives!

No Bait! But good honest goods bought at the lowest market prices. Cash paid and advantage taken of every discount.

We offer you no Bait in Glaring, Startling Figures—but our entire Stock is marked and sold at a Small Uniform Profit!

A full and complete line of

DRESS GOODS!

In all the Fall Shades: such as Double width Cashmere, at 25, 30, 50, 60 and 75cts. All-Wool Flannel Suits, 1 1/2 yards wide, at 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.25. These are elegant and stylish goods.—Falls, Figured and Plaid.

WATER-PROOFS, from 50 to 75cts.

—THE LATEST RAGE!

Rough Shaggy Boucle Cloths in all late shades, \$1.00; Plain Goods to match, for Suits, 65c.

Also, an immense line of YOK LACES in every shade and width, from 10 to 35c. Tinsel and Hercules BRAIDS in endless variety.

BLANKETS!

If you want a good pair of BLANKETS at a very, very low price, come and look at our stock. Heavy Gray, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.75. 10-4 White, 2.50, 3.50, 4.00 & \$5.00. 12-4 White, wool, 5.00, 6.00, 6.50 and \$7.50.

CLOTHING AT ROCK-BOTTOM.

For want of space we intend going out of this line, and propose selling the entire stock at prices that cannot be equaled in the market. Come and look and you can save money.

CARPETS!

Hempes at 18c, 20c, and 30c. Finest Tapestry, Body and Velvet Brussels, at prices that can be duplicated only in New York City. No trouble—no bother—making and putting down, we will attend to all that for you.

Zephyrs in any shade and quantity...8c. in large lots...7c.

—SHOES.—

We are receiving fresh goods in this line every day, and can furnish you with any style and quality you wish, and give good value for your money.

